

F L O R A;
A N 1484 i 13
O P E R A.

As it is now Acted at the
THEATRE-ROYAL
I N
LINCOLN'S-INN-FIELDS.

B E I N G
Mr. Dogget's FARCE of the COUNTRY-
WAKE, alter'd after the Manner of the
BEGGAR'S OPERA.

Written by a G E N T L E M A N.

Agrestem tenui meditabor Arundine Musam.
V I R G.

The F I F T H E D I T I O N.

L O N D O N:
Printed for J. Jones, near the Poultry.
M D C C X X X V I.



Dramatis Personæ.

M E M.

<i>Sir Thomas Testy, Uncle and Guardian</i>	}	<i>Mr. Hippisley.</i>
<i>to Flora.</i>		
<i>Friendly a Gentleman in Love with Flora,</i>		<i>Mr. Walker.</i>
<i>Dick an impudent Fellow, his Man,</i>		<i>Mr. H. Bullock.</i>
<i>Hob, a simple Country Fellow,</i>		<i>Mr. Laguerre.</i>
<i>Old Hob, his Father,</i>		<i>Mr. Hall.</i>
<i>Three Servants to Sir Thomas,</i>		
<i>Two Country-Men.</i>		

W O M E N.

<i>Flora, Niece to Sir Thomas, in Love</i>	}	<i>Mrs. Chantrel.</i>
<i>with Friendly,</i>		
<i>Betty, her Maid and Confident,</i>		<i>Mrs. Kilby.</i>
<i>Hob's Mother,</i>		<i>Mrs. Egleton.</i>

SCENE in *Somersetshire.*



FLORA;



FLORA; An OPERA.



ACT I. SCENE I.

After the Overture. Flora and Betty discover'd.

AIR I. At Noon one sultry Summer's Day.

Flora sings.

HOW wretched are we Orphans made,
By dying Parents Wills betray'd
To Guardians Powers, who oft invade
our Freedom, to our Cost?

*Like Captives they their Wards confine,
Pretending Care; but with Design
To prostitute 'em for their Coin,
to whoe'er bids'the most.*

Betty——

Bet. Madam.

Flor. It's a sad Life I lead here.

Bet. Life indeed, Madam, is a sad Thing any where
to Lovers that are uncoupled.

Flor. Wer't thou ever in Love, Betty?

Bet. O most cruelly, Madam; but the Man I lov'd had
another more darling Mistress—call'd *Claret*—for whose
sweet Society I was forsaken.

FLORA; *An Opera*,

AIR II. Ye Beaus of Pleasure.

Betty sings. *The Men of Pleasure,
Who count the Seizure
Of Virgin Treasure*

a pleasing Task.

*No sooner gain it,
But they refrain it,
Nay, oft disdain it*

for t'other Flask.

Flor. And how do you find yourself now?

Bet. As most Folks are, after the Loss of an old Lover.

Flor. How's that?

Bet. Ready for a new one.

Flor. Would I were of thy Humour——But my silly Heart's so set upon Mr. *Friendly*, that all Mankind besides are no more than my own Sex to me.

Bet. Then you must have him, Madam, or you'll go into a Consumption.——

Flor. Ay, but how shall I come at him, *Betty*?

Bet. Why run a Risque, Madam.

Flor. What Risque?

Bet. Run away with him.

Flor. Psha! How is that possible! when my Uncle locks me up as if I were his only Bottle of Brandy?

Bet. You know, Madam, I have sometimes the Keys of both in my Keeping——and if you please to uncork your Conscience, I'll undertake, in eight and forty Hours Mr. *Friendly* shall have at least half a Dozen Goodnesses of you.

Flor. Ah, *Betty*! I'm afraid you flatter me.

Bet. Nay, Madam, you are as good a Judge of that as I; for you must own, he has a very promising Person.

Flor. Psha! I don't think of his Person.

Bet. If any other Woman thought half so much of it, you would pull her Commode for her.

Flor. Pooh! but I mean I am afraid you are not sincere in your Advice, and that if I shou'd trust you with any Design of that Nature, you wou'd discover it to my Uncle.

Bet.

FLORA; An OPERA.

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Bet. Ah! but if I were to live with you, and have my Wages rais'd, after you are married — I know whose Suspicion does me a great deal of Wrong.

Flo. Swear then to be true, and I will trust you. But, dear *Betty*, be out of the Fashion for once, and keep your Oath; I'll tell you why I so earnestly entreat you.

AIR III. I, who was once Great, now little am grown.

Flo. sings. *Custom prevailing so long 'mongst the Great,
Make Oaths easy Potions to sleep on,
Which many (on gaining good Places) repeat,
Without e'er designing to keep one.*

*For an Oath's seldom kept, as a Virgin's fair Fame;
A Lover's fond Vows, or a Prelate's good Name;
A Lawyer to Truth; a Statesman from Blame
Or a Patriot Heart in a Courtier.*

Bet. Here than, I swear, by all my Hopes and Perquisites; by the sweet Profits of my Place in View, and double Wages in Reversion; by your lac'd Shoes too big, and those too little; by the Silk Gown you'll give me at your Wedding; by all your Mantiaus, Heads, Hoops, short Hoods and Cloaks, and as I hope your last blue Atlas never will be worn again; I swear —

Flo. That you will inviolably keep my Secrets, and assist me to your utmost, in running away with Mr. *Friendly*.

Bet. I swear.

Flo. Then I will trust you; and when I'm married, *Betty*, every Article of your Oath shall be made good to you — Look here then, here's a Letter I had just written to Mr. *Friendly*, wherein I've promised, at Twelve o' Clock to Night, to be upon the Mount in the Garden; and if he will take Care to meet me on t'other Side, and set a Ladder against the Wall, I'll toss over my Band-box, venture catching Cold in the Dew, and take my Fortune with him.

Bet.

6 FLORA; *An OPERA.*

Bet. There's Metal in the Proposal Madam — Let's see the Letter, he shall have it in a quarter of an Hour, tho' I cary it my self.

Flo. But I won't venture neither, unless his Answer tells he'll be ready — So dear *Betty*, be careful, I have no Mortal to trust but thee.

Bet. And no Mortal fitter to be trusted. [Exit.

Flo. So, now my Heart's at Ease ——— I find my Resolution's good at the Bottom; and since I have set my Head upon running away, 'tis not my old Uncle, nor the Garden-Wall shall stop me, tho' he were as wise as a Bishop, and the Wall as high as a Church-Steeple.

A I R IV. Man in Imagination.

*Tho my Uncle strives t' immure me,
My Lover's Voice will lure me,
To Leap from the Mount o'er the Garden-Wall,
And fly this hated Place.*

*Oh, a tedious Day to me 'tis;
But when Sol's in the Arms of his Thetis,
Swift as the Roe (at my Hero's Call)
I'll elude my Hunter's Chase.*

Ah! ———

Enter Sir Tho. Testy.

Sir Tho. How now! Mrs. *Irreverence*! Am I such a Hobgoblin, that you start at the Sight of me!

Flo. Sir, I did not think any Harm; but when you come upon one unawares——

Sir Tho. Unawares! What I surpriz'd you then! Your Head was full of other Matters, which, I suppose, that close Committee of the Flesh and the Devil have absolutely resolv'd to be the Fundamentals of your Constitution.

A I R

A I R V. As I was walking thro' *Hide-park.*

Sir Tho. When a Girl fifteen Years does attain,
Love's Follies invading her Brain,
Her Virtue's held by a slight Rein.

For Equipage, Hurry and Noise,
Gay Cloathing and such Female Toys,
She'll forego more substantial Joys.

To a Feather or Powder'd Tupee

Her Heart soon a Captive wou'd be.

To keep such a one chaste, we must lock her up fast:

That Maxim best pleases me.

Flo. Lurd! Sir, how strange you talk to one.

Sir Tho. Talk! you Malapert; why who should talk to you but I? Who am I? Huffy, Who am I?

Flo. You are my Uncle by Relation, my Guardian by my Father's Will, and my Jaylor against mine.

Sir Tho. Then while you are my Prisoner, Huffy how dare you take such Liberty?

Flo. Because Liberty, Sir, is the sweetest Thing a Prisoner can take.

Sir Tho. Don't you think in your Conscience now, Mistress, you deserve to be lock'd up?

Flo. I think in my Conscience, you ought to let me Marry, since I have a Mind to't.

Sir Tho. Provoking! Dare you own this to my Face?

Flo. Why, Sir, is't a Fault? You have kept me in Prison for these ten Months, and I did not know but my confessing it might deserve a little of your Mercy.

Sir Tho. Astonishing! The Devil has harden'd you, Huffy! you are a Sight! Go, go, to your Chamber, People will stare at you; I wou'd not have you seen abroad in this Condition for——O Lurd! Your Brain's turn'd! You shall bleed, Mistress; I'll have your Room darken'd: Water-Gruel, Discipline and Water-Gruel! ye Gods!

Flo. Look'e Uncle, I find you have a Mind to drive me to a hard Bargain; therefore to let you see that I

am

am no Hagler, I'll make you an Offer which shall fairly come up to the most you can make of me — as thus—

Sir Tho. What new Distraction has thou got in thy Head now?

Flo. Hear me: You know I have 8000 *l.* to my Fortune; and that by my Father's Will, you are to be allow'd the whole Interest of it till I am either Married or of Age, to reimburse your Expences in maintaining me; which said Maintainance, by a modest Computation, may stand you in — Let me see — About seven or eight Pounds a Year (for I've had no Cloaths but my Mother's) — Now, Sir, if you will immediately give me Liberty of Marrying the Man I have a Mind to, I'll engage he shall consent to the Throwing of my Fortune into the Publick Funds, the Minute you throw me into his Arms. So you shall have the Use of my Pence till I am of Age, as a Premium for advancing to him the Use of my Person.

Sir Tho. Hum! The Girl begins to talk sensibly — But 'tis not yet proper to understand her ——— Look'e, Child, when you have perswaded your Lover to make the same Proposal uuder his Hand, I shall then believe you are equally mad to come at one another ——— in the mean Time, let me advise you to your Chamber, from whence I will allow you the lovely Prospekt of the Garden.

Flo. You may chance to fret for this, my very wise Uncle. [Exit.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Friendly and Servant.

Friend. What a watchful old Rogue is this?

Servant. A very Dragon, Sir.

Friend. To use a young Creature so unmercifully.

Serv. Nay, Sir, so uncivilly.

Friend. How, Sirrah?

Serv. To force her to such Extremities, to make her straddle over a great Wall, and risque her Neck down a Ladder at Midnight, when he ought to lend her his Hand into a Coach and Six out of his great Gate at Noon-Day to come to you, Sir: But the Rascal has no Breeding.

Friend.

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Friend. By *Mercury*, I'll be even with him.

Serv. You have Reason, Sir, for tho' I say it—

Friend. That should not say it.

Serv. She is a lovely Piece of Temptation, Sir.

Friend. What's o'Clock, Sirrah?

Serv. By the Moon's rising, I believe it may be about, about, a— past Ten.

Friend. Then, Sirrah, about past— Twelve—

Serv. You'll have one of her blue Silk Stockings stradling over the Wall, Sir—

A I R VI. At past one o'Clock, and a cold frosty Morning.

Friendly sings.

*At past Twelve o'Clock and a fine Summer's Morning.
When all in the Village sleep pleasantly,*

*Cynthia's bright Beams, all Nature adorning,
Shall guide my swift Steps to my lovely She.*

Then my fair Flora; fraught with kind Wishes,

I'll fold in my Arms, with amorous Kisses,

Which serve as Preludes to more solid Bliss—

Soon as the Vicar has made us one.

But where's the Country Fellow you promis'd shou'd carry my Answer to her Letter?

Serv. Who, *Hob*, Sir! Here he is; and if any suspects his Face for a Pimp's, I have no Skill in the Science, Sir.

Enter *Hob*.

Friend. Well *Hob*, canst thou carry this Letter to Sir *Thomas Testy's* House for me?

Hob. Yes, Zir, yes.

Friend. Do so, and give it to *Madam Flora*; but take Care no body sees you deliver it.

Hob. Yes, Zir,— But must I carry it to Night? — 'Tis main dark.

Friend. You must go immediately.

B

Hob

Hob. I hope, Zir, there's no Difference between you and Zir Tomas.

Friend. Why dost hope so?

Hob. Why truly, Zir, I do hear, there be; and therefore I can't care, to meddle or make between Friends, for 'tis but an unthankful Office; and you know Zir Tomas is very crusty, and if he does but suspect that I shau'd concern myzel, may hap he may take the Law of me; and you know, Zir, that Law is a vrightful Thing.

A I R VII. She got Money by th' Bargain.

Sings. *The terrible Law, When it fastens it's Paw
On a poor Man, it gripes 'till he's undone;
And what I am doing, May turn to my Ruin,
Tho' rich as the Lord Mayor of London.*

*Therefore I'll be wary, What Message I carry,
Unless we first make a zure Bargain;
I will be 'dempnify'd, Thoroughly zatisfy'd
That eb'am shan't zuffer a Varding.*

Friend. Pish, the Law shall never trouble thee; I'll secure thee from any Harm.

Hob. Very well, Zir, very well, that's as much as I can dezire: But pray don't take unkindly what I zay, for you know no Man is willing to bring himzel into a Primunire if he con help it.

Friend. No, no — Prithee be gone.

Hob. I will Zir, I will, — for — for — Pray, Zir, be pleas'd to read the Zubscription for me.

Friend. S'Death, how I am tortur'd with this foolish Fellow, and I can send no body else without being suspected — Don't trouble thyself with the Superscription, but deliver it as I bid thee.

Hob. Very good, Zir, very good — 'Tis main Dark — Wou'd it not do as well, Zir, if I should carry it in the Morning? I had rather go in the Morning.

Friend. Why so?

Hob. Why, truly, Zir, I'll tell you: At the lower End of Zir Tomas's Orchard, one of our poor Neighbours being

being in a disparaging Condition, has gone and hang'd himzel — Now there's zome to zay that he walks by Night in zeveral zorts of Shapes.

Friend. What, and so you are afraid, are you?

Hob. No, indeed, ch'am not afraid — I thank Marcy, I defy the Devil and all his Works.

Friend. A Pox on thee then, get thee gone.

Hob. Tho' I must tell you, I have a great Concait he will appear to me, — vor you must know, to Morrow the, Crowner's Quest is to zit upon him, whereof d'ye zee, I'm to be one; and who knows but he may have zome-thing upon his Spirits that may make him break his Mind to me; and if zo, let me tell you, I'm afraid it will make a bad Day for zomebody — vor if Zir *Thomas* had kept his Fences whole, mayhap this Man had ne'er been tempted to ha' gone into his Ground to ha' hang'd himzel. But be that as it will, I'll do your Bufiness vor you; therefore pray take you no Care, Zir —

Friend. Prithee about it then.

Hob. Ay, ay, I'll warrant you, don't trouble your zel no vurder — vor if I zay I'll do't, I'll do't, that's my Humour.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir Thomas and Servants.

Sir Tho. 'Twill be a hard Matter to sink any of the Principal, indeed; so that cou'd the Girl make good the Proposal, I wou'd not care how soon she were kiss'd black in the Face; but shou'd I give her the least Liberty upon't, 'tis possible when she has made use on't, her Conscience might desire to be off. And I dare swear her Lover will spare neither Care nor Cost to come at her without my Consent, and Gold in particular has a prevailing Influence in a Love Affair, therefore I must watch my Ward myself — Servants may be corrupted.

A I R VIII. We'll learn to be merry and wise.

*Sir Tho. sings. To guard my Hesperian Tree
Requires more Care than of Old,
That was robb'd by a half Deity,
And without the Assistance of Gold,*

*But in this Age Gold softens the Mind,
A Governante's Tongue 'twill lay mute;
Charm Prudes, make a coy Virgin kind,
Whilst a Lover (with Ease) steals the Fruit.*

D'ye hear Rascals, look sharp, for this is the usual Hour
that your soft fighting Rogues run a Caterwauling.

*Serv. Sir! Sir! yonder's somebody with a Light
coming down the Field.*

Sir Tho. Stand still then, and observe.

Enter Hob, Whistling.

*Hob. Zo, this is the House—now let me zee—how
shall I go about to do this zame Busines? — If that old
Fox, Zir Tomas, shou'd spy me, he'd maul Me vor zar-
tain—But let me alone, I'll be cunning enough vor
him, I'll warrant ye—if he zees me, he must have
more Eyes than two—Hold, hold, now let me zee vor
this same Letter—O, here it is—For Madam Flo—
Flo—Madam Flora.*

Sir Tho. Where are you carrying this Letter, Friend?

[Sir Tho. snatching it.

Hob. Letter, Zir!

*Sir Tho. Letter, Sir! ay Letter, Sir! who did you
bring it from?*

*Hob. Bring it vrom, Zir! I brought it vrom no body,
not I.*

Sir Tho. How came you by it?

*Hob. By it, Zir! I did not buy it; I vound it
in my Pocket, Zir.*

*Sir Tho. Found it in your Pocket!—What did it grow
there then, ha! Where are you going with it.*

*Hob. Going with it, Zir! I dan't knaw where ch'am
going with it, not I.*

Bir

Sir Tho. What do you do here at this Time o'Night?

Hob. I can't tell what I do here, not I — I'll go home, Zir, if you please — I wish you a good Night,

Sir Tho. Hold, hold, a little, Friend, let me reward you first for bringing it, however.

Hob. Not a Varthing, Zir, indeed I must not take one Varthing, for Maister Friendly charg'd me to the Contrary; therefore pray dan't offer it.

Sir Tho. Oh did he so — but something I will give you however; Pray take that, and that Sirrah.

[Beats him.]

Hob. O Lard! O Lard! what do ye strik'n vor? avore Gad I'll take the Law of you, zee an I dan't — what do you go to murder me?

Sir Tho. I'll Law you, you Rogue — are you their Letter-Carrier? there's more for you, Sirrah.

Hob. Bear Witness, bear Witness, zee an you, dan't pay for this, O Lard! O Lard!

Sir Tho. Here Sirrahs, lay hold of him, till I examine the Letter. Let's see — To Mrs Flora — right.

The Proposal you mention, in Case of Extremity, will certainly do, but it will be a much pleasanter Piece of Justice to bite him for his Barbarity; [A Son of a Whore, he means me to be sure.] The Ladder, and all Things shall be ready exactly at Twelve to Night. [Oons!] If you have any thing farther of Moment, this Fellow is honest, and will convey it safe to your eternal Lover,

Tom. Friendly.

Yes, yes, I find he is honest, with a Pox to him, and I'll reward him accordingly — Here, desire that honest Gentleman to walk down to the Bottom of that Well — And let him stay there till I call for him.

Hob. I can't do it, as I hope to be zav'd I can't; pray vorbear, and don't murder an innocent Man.

[Falls on his Knees.]

A I R IX. My Father he left me a wealthy Estate.

Sings. *I never till now was conzarned in Strife,*

Have Mercy, Sir Tomas, and spare poor Hob's Life,

And give me my Vreedom as I had bevore —

I'll be a good Boy, and I'll do zo no more;

Indeed I won't —

Sir

Sir Tho. In with him I say —

Hob. O Lard! Maister *Jonathan*, I vorewarn you, dan't ye be conzarn'd in this: Conzider what you do.

Sir Tho. Oons! in with him.

Hob. You are all Principals, there are no Complishees in Murder, Help! Murder!

SCENE III. *A Chamber.*

Enter Flora.

Flo. I heard a strange Noise without; I wish Things go as they shou'd — My Heart beats, as if Mr. What d'ye call 'em were in my Arms. — Well this Love's a terrible Thing — Wou'd the worst on't were over — I'm afraid I shall never be able to go thro' with it — I am sure here's an odd Bustle about it. [*Enter Betty.* How, now!

Bet. Undone! undone, Madam; Your Uncle has intercepted Mr. *Friendly's* Letter, in Answer to yours, and all your Design's discover'd; he raves and tears like a mad Man, and in his Passion has thrown the poor Fellow that brought it into the great Well — and swears if any body offers to help him out, without his Order, he'll throw them in after him.

Flo. Well, If I am here alive, I thought it wou'd come to nothing — It vexes the Heart of me.

Bet. But come, Madam, don't be wholly discouraged, for *John* tells me, 'tis a hundred to one but the Fellow's drown'd.

Flo. Psha! I wish my Uncle was drown'd in his room.

Bet. No Madam, but he'll be hang'd, and that's as well.

Flo. Do you really think so?

Bet. Poz.

Flo. Then I'll marry in spite of his Teeth.

Bet. Right, when he's in one Noose, you may slip into 'other.

Flo. Dear *Betty*, step out and see how 'tis with the Fellow, for I'm in a thousand Frights; and if Things are — you know how, — ask when the Assizes begin.

[*Exit.*
A I R

A I R X. The Lads with the Nut-brown Hair.

Flora sings. To forgive sure is great,
But revenge for Wrong's sweet,
So for once let Resentment prevail;
My Guardian Relation
Is in a Situation
Shou'd move a soft Breast to bewail.

But his sordid Cruelty
Has so perverted me,
I can bear of his Death without Pain;
When he's swinging in his Shoes,
I'll fix my Marriage-Noose,
And (with Justice) great Hymen shall reign.
[Exit.

SCENE IV. The Well, &c.

Enter Old Hob and his Wife.

O. Hob. Come, Wife, never trouble thy zel, a wull go a rawging zometimes, and there's an End on't, a wull come home again I warrant 'un.

Wife. I think o' my Conscience it's no great Matter whether he does or no. — A bafe Raugue to be out of the Way at such a busy Time as thick is: The Zun has been up this Hour and Quarter, and that grauceless Boy, I warrant, has not been a-bed yet; prithee Husband step and zee, a'n he ben't zotting at the Park-gate, and I'll draw th' Water in the mean time.

O. Hob. Do you then. [Exit.

Wife. This Boy's the Plague of my Life, I think — 'twere more than Time the Gammon had been boil'd by now. And now the Volk will come to the Wake bevore he be cold — and then it waunt be vit to be eaten — A Jackanapes! when I bid 'en, and beg 'en, and pray'd 'en to stay, and he wou'd go — And yet notwithstanding all I have zaid, cou'd I lay Eyes on him, I shau'd vorget his Rauguery and vorgiv'n.

A I R

A I R XI. The *Logan* Water is so deep.

Sings. *The Shepherdess with Looks dismay'd,
Because her favourite Lamb has stray'd;
In angry Search her Time employs,
But found — that Passion's lost in Joys.
So will it be with silly me
When next my Truant Boy I see;
My Heart pleads strongly on his Side,
And I shall rather kiss than chide,*

Here I have been blaming the poor Boy for not minding his Business, and at the same Time neglect my own: I must haste to wind up the Bucket, or I shall have Husband back before I've drawn a Drop of Water.

[*Goes to the Well and sings; Did you not bear, &c.*
Lad, Lud, 'tis main heavy — Heyday — I believe old Nick's in the Bottom o'th' Bucket, for my Part. [*Hob cries out.*] Oh, a Ghost! a Ghost!

[*Hob appears in the Bucket, and she lets the Rope go, and he sinks again.*

Enter *Old Hob*.

O. H. Heydey! what's the Matter, with a Murrain t'ye, is the Woman in her Tantrums?

Wife. A Ghost! A Ghost! — *Hob's* Ghost in the Well — ah!

O. H. The Woman's turn'd Vool, I think — let me zee if the Devil be in the Well, I'll vetch 'en out on't — here's a Rout indeed — Wauns! I think the Devil be in the Bucket — But now I have got 'en half Way, I'll know what sort of a Devil 'tis, and if he ben't a zivil one, I'll zouze 'en and zop 'en in the Bottom agen.

Y. *Hob*. A! Hau'd vast, Vather, 'tis I! 'tis I!

Wife. Ah! 'tis there agen.

O. *Hob*. Hau'd your Peace, I zay, the Devil can't get in a Word for you, I think — who's there? *Hob*?

Y. *Hob*. Ah, vor Love's zake pull away, Vather.

O. *Hob*. Prithee lends thy Hond Wife — Bless my Eyes! 'tis *Hob*. indeed — what in the Name of Wonder dost thou here, Lad?

Y. *Hob*.

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Y. Hob. Ah! dan't'e ask Questions now, Vather—
get me home — Zir *Tomas* has don't; but if there be
Law in all the King's Kingdom, I'll Capias 'en vor zar-
tain, I dan't knaw but it may prove the Death of me;
I'll zue him next Hizi-Prizis an't cost me vorty Shillings.
I'll zue him, come on't what will — zee if I dan't make
him pay vor't:

A I R XII. To an *Irish* Tune. Trio.

Wife. Oh! my poor Boy,

O. Hob. *His Looks are stark wild,*

Wife. Could Zir *Tomas* destroy

O. Hob. *So hopeful a Child!*

Y. Hob. I'll revenge if I can.

Wife. *Ab! talk so no more.*

O. Hob. He's a great Mon,

O. Hob and Wife. *And we are but poor.*

Y. Hob. All you do zay can signify nothing,

I'll Capias 'en vor't let it cost what it will.

Wife. Go to Bed, Boy, whilst I get thee dry Cloathing,

O. Hob. Think thou art taught to return Good for Ill?

Y. Hob. I'll indict 'en i'th' Crown,

And bind o'er to the Sesssion,

Tho'f I zell my Heifer, and the auld Mare,

Udsblead I'd hang 'en or drown 'en;

O. Hob. ——— *Vorbear zuch Expressions —*

Wife. Prithee vorgive, and be not zevere.

Y. Hob. I'll never vorgive, and I will be zevere.

Wife. Oh, poor Hob! come along, Child, and I'll get
thee a little Zugar-zops to comfort thy Bowels.

[*Exeunt.*]

End of the first Act.

C

A C T



A C T II.

• S C E N E, *A Chamber.*

Enter *Sir Thomas and Servant.*

Sir Tho. **J**OH*N*, what's become of the Fellow that fell into the Well last Night, has any body taken any Care of him?

Serv. No, Sir, your Worship said he shou'd lye there till your Worship was pleased to call for him —

Sir Tho. Oons, Sirrah, you have not drown'd the Fellow, have you?

Serv. Who I drown him, Sir! nay, nay, haud ye, I am but a Servant, and 'twas you bad me; an any Mischief shou'd come on't, 'tis you must answer it — Flesh what have I to do with it?

Sir Tho. You impudent Rogue! wou'd you put your Villanies upon me? Did not I see you Collar him; did not you lay violent Hands upon him, Sirrah, and am not I a Witness against you?

Serv. Lard! Lard! at this Rate, a Man had as good be a Galley-Slave as a Servant — If one don't do as one's bid, one's Head's broke; and if one does, one's to be hang'd for't — but come what will, the Gallows will hold two, that's the best on't.

Sir Tho. He says true, faith — Well, well, keep your own Counsel, Sirrah, and I'll see what I can do to save you.

Serv. Nay, nay, as for that, do you see, do as you see Cause — let it go thick Way, or let it go thack Way, 'tis all a Case to me, go which Way it will; one good Turn will require another.

Sir Tho. Hold your Peace, Sirrah — and be gone — *[Exit Servant.]* This surly Dog is not be frightened, I see; I must (as is customary with a Man in Power) protect this Fellow in his Roguery for my own Sake.

A I R

A I R XIII. I have left the World as the World
found me.

Sir Tho. sings.

*A Rogue that is hired
To do what's required,
And ne'er sticks at Honour or Conscience,
To compass his Ends,
Will destroy his best Friends,
For a Villain's sure Friendship is Nonsense.*

*Yet still he may laugh,
Well assur'd he is safe,
And despise all Attempts to accuse him ;
For his Patron oft-times
Promoting his Crimes,
Must (for Self Preservation) excuse him ;*

Enter Servant with a Letter.

Serv. Sir, here's a Letter for you.

Sir Tho. Who brought it ?

Serv. Mr. Friendly's Man, Sir.

Sir Tho. Let's see ; (*Reads*)

*Sir, your Niece informs me, that she has made you a
Proposal concerning our Marriage, which I am wil-
ling to ratify when ever you will please to do me the
Honour of a Meeting.* Yours.

Humph ! that Meeting may be to meet with my Niece,
for ought I know — I must have the Particulars under
his Hand, before I seem to understand him : Therefore,
that I don't understand him, shall be my Answer. — In
the mean time I'll put on a smother Look to the Girl,
and shew her a little of the Country Diversion from
the Mount in the Garden ; and if they are in earnest,
that good Humour will work her to work him up to
my Price — Bid the Fellow stay till I write him an
Answer.

SCENE II. *The Wood and Garden-Wall.**Enter Old Hob and Wife.*

Wife. Come, Husband, now the Boy has got on his dry Cloaths, let him be stirring a bit — Come, come, make haste, the Town will be full of Volk, bevõre we shall get vitted.

O. *Hob.* Dan't trouble thy zelf, Wife, every thing within Doors is ready, and there's nothing wanting but the Zign to be put up, and look'ye, that shall be done present — *Hob! Hob!*

Hob within. What zay you, Vather?

O. *Hob.* Tap the Ale, quick, quick.

Hob within. Ay, ay, Vather.

O. *Hob.* There — now he that will drink good Ale, let him come to the Zign of the Pot-Lid — Come Wife, let's to our Businefs within. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Friendly disguis'd, Servant, and Country People.

Friend. If this Disguise does not conceal me —

Serv. You'll then be out of Countenance to no Purpose, Sir — But pray, Sir, what do you propose, by turning Ballad-Singer?

Friend. I do propose that *Flora* shall know me by my Voice, and that consequently her Wits will soon be at work to come at me.

Serv. Well, Sir, but of what Use can I be? for I can no more sing, than I can fast.

Friend. But you can help to draw other gaping Fools about me.

Serv. There's some Sense in that indeed, Sir.

Enter Sir Thomas, Flora, and Betty.

Sir *Tho.* Come, Niece, if you must see the Pastime, you may have as fair a Prospekt of it here, as in the Crowd.

Flora. I like it very well here, Sir.

Friend. Well ho! this same is intitl'd, An excellent new Ballad, in Praise of the *Country-Wake*.

Sir

Sir *Tho.* Hark! we shall have a merry Ballad.

Flora. Bless my Eyes! is not that he, *Betty*?

Betty. The very He, Madam — but hush.

AIR. XIV. *A Ballad.* Rare Doings at *Bath.*

Friendly sings.

I.

I'LL sing you a Ditty, and warrant it true,
Give but Attention unto me a while,
Of Transactions at Court, and in Country too;
Toilsome Pleasures, and pleasing Toil.
Accept it (I pray) as your Help-Mates you take,
To some 'twill give Joy,
And some others annoy,
All's fair at a Country-Wake. All's fair, &c.

II.

" At Courts we see Patriots noble and just,
" Fit for Employments of Honour and Power;
" But then there are Sycophants, unfit for Trust,
" Blend with the Great, and in Number are more;
" Slaves, who wou'd Honour and Honesty stake,
" With sordid Intention
" To get Place or Pension;
" Strange News at a Country-Wake. Strange News, &c.

III.

Some Ladies at Court are stil'd unpolite,
Because truly virtuous and prone to no Ill;
Whilst others who sparkle in Diamonds bright,
Are stript of their Pride at Basset, or Quadrille,
Till their Losses at Play do their Lords Credit shake:
Then their Toys to recover,
They'll grant the last Favour;
Strange News at a Country Wake. Strange News, &c.

IV.

Here most of our Gentlemen Patriots are,
Tho' very bad Statesmen, I freely confess;
They design Harm to none — but a Fox or a Hare,
And are always found Loyal in War and in Peace.

The

*The Farmer's Industry does Earth fertile make ;
 The Husbandman's Plowing,
 His Planting and Sowing,
 Gets Health and good Cheer at a Country-Wake. Gets, &c.*

V.

*Our Girls blooming fair, without Washes or Paints ;
 From neighbouring Villages hither resort ;
 They kiss sweet as Roses, yet virtuous as Saints
 (Who can say more for the Ladies at Court)
 No worldly Cares vex them asleep or awake,
 But their Time they improve
 In Peace and true Love,
 And innocent Mirth, at the Country-Wake. And, &c.*

VI.

*The Schemes of a Courtier are full of Intrigue ;
 Here all's fair and open, dark Deeds we despise :
 Set Rural Contentment 'gainst courtly Fatigue,
 Who chuses the Former is happy and wise.
 Now let's pray for the King, and, for England's sake,
 From all Faction free
 May his Subjects agree,
 As well at the Court as the Country-Wake. As well, &c.*

Do you think she knew me ?

Serv. Knew you, Sir! why I bought one of your Ballads for her, and she tipt the Wink upon me, with as much as to say, desire him not to go till he hears from me. — Suppose, Sir, you took a Cup of Nappy here to pass away the Time a little.

Friend. Call for what you have a mind to.

Serv. Here, House!

Enter

Enter Hob.

Hob. Ch'am coming, Ch'am coming. Your Zarvant, Maister *Friendly*, I'm glad to zee you, you're welcome to the Vair.

Friend. I thank you honest *Hob.*

Hob. I shau'd knaw that Gentlemon — Maister *Richard*, I think.

Serv. Ay, *Hob*, how do'st do?

Hob. O Laird Master, haw d'ye do? Come, pray zit down. — Maister *Friendly* — Come, pray stay, and drink one Pot avore you go.

Friend. Sit down, or this Fellow's Impertinence will make us observed. What do'st thou do with an Apron on, *Hob*?

Hob. Adod, I Put'n on but just now; Father will do as Neighbours do, and every one i'the Town almost zells Ale on Vair-day — But now we zell zeveral other Zorts of Liquors, and Wine too, an Occasion be.

Friend. Wine!

Hob. Ay all Zorts of Wine.

Friend. Say'st thou so? Bring us some *Claret* then.

Hob. *Claret*, Zir! We have no *Claret*, we mun not zell *Claret*, 'tis against th' Law. — Now you may ha' some of o' your *Port*, your *Red Port* now, or your *White Port*, or zuch zort of Stuff.

Friend. Such Stuff as thou hast then, prithee bring us.

Hob. Yes, Zir — Ch'am coming — Now in my Mind, Zir, what do you think of a little *Zack*; a little *Zack* now, and zome o' your *Zugar* in't is main good.

Friend. Prithee bring what thou lik'st best thyself, for I'm sure 'twill please no *Palate* but thy own.

Exit Hob.

Serv. Sir, with humble Submission, I don't yet discover any great Hopes from this same Project of yours. Pray, Sir, how do you propose to come at the Lady?

Friend. While the Garden Door's shut, and that old Dragon is so watchful of the Fruit, there are but little Hopes indeed. However I won't quit the Place; *Fortune* may yet do something unexpectedly to befriend me.

Enter Hob, with Pots, Tobacco, Bread, Cheese and Sugar.

Hob. Ch'am coming, ch'am coming. — Here, Zir. —

Friend. Where's the Sack, *Hob*?

Hob.

Hob. Zack, Zir! Odd I dan't knaw, I thought you zaid you had rather have Ale. — Ale is indeed mūch wholsomer for your *Englisb* Stomachs. — For my Part, I'd rather have Ale now. Maister *Richard*, bite a Bit afore you drink; come, and in the mean time I'll put a little Zugar in the Ale, and make it as good as I can for you. Come Zir, against you're disposed.

Friend. Thank you, *Hob.* — This Fellow's Kindness will poison me. [*Aside.*

Serv. Not at his Rate of Tasting, Sir, for he has not left a Drop at the Bottom. [*Aside.*

Hob. Adod, 'tis main good, Zir---Will you have t'other Pot, Zir?

Friend. No; prithee drink this too, and then fetch us a Couple?

Hob. Yes, Zir, I will; — Ch'am coming — [*Exit Hob.*

Sir Tho. Come, my merry Countrymen, every Man take his Lafs, and give us a Dance or two, and then we'll have the Cudgels out.

Count. Yes, an't like your Worship, we are all ready Come, *Scratch*, strike up. [*Dance.*

Enter Hob.

Hob. Ay, marry; Zir, well done *Ralph*, zet to un *Joan*, zet to un.

Wife within.] Hob! Hob!

Hob. Ch'am coming, ch'am coming, — *Toll, loll* — In *Mary*, — Sides all now — Sides all.

Friend. Hob! Hob!

Hob. Ch'am coming, cha'm coming, Maister — *Toll, loll.*

O. Hob within.] Hob! Hob!

Hob. Ch'am coming, ch'am coming. — What a Plague ails Vather, trow? An old Vool! — Udsblead, he makes more a Noise — Set to now *William* — Ah, rarely done! In *Mary*, ah, dainty *Mary*! Turn her about *John*. — Now, now, a murrain! — You're quite out. — Look, *Ralph* shou'd ha' cast off, and while *John* had turn'd *Mary* about, *Tomas* shou'd ha' led up *Nan*, and *Joan* met *Ralph* at Bottom agen; mean while, *John* shou'd have sided with *Mary*, and then *Mary* shou'd back to back with *Ralph*, and then *Tomas* had come

FLORA; An OPERA. 15

come in again, in his own Place, and so all had been right — Come, begin again — Strike up, *Scratch, Tol, lol.*

O. Hob. within.] Hob! Hob! Where be ye?

Hob. Ch'am coming, ch'am coming: What a Devil can't you be quiet a bit — *Tol, lol —*

Enter Old Hob.

O. Hob. Hey-day! Hey-day! This is rare Sport. Udsblead, I'll strip you, you base Raug ye — Must you be dauncing here, and your Mother and I at Work?

[Strikes him.]

Hob. Hey-day, what's the Matter now? What must I be beat all Day's o' my Life?

O. Hob. You grauceless Raug, mind your Business then, do; yonder's your poor Mother within a Scawring and Scawring 'till she sweats again, and no body to draw one Drop of Beer.

Hob. I don't care a Varthing — I won't draw a Drop more, if you go to that; do your worst; and take your Course.

O. Hob. Sirrah, come in, and daunt stand Dauncing here, dan't ye.

Hob. I won't go in, zo; I won't; if that trouble ye I will Daunce, and Daunce agen. *Tol, lol, lol —*

A I R XV.

O. Hob sings. *Zure never was zeen such a Rebel;
Thou worst of undutiful Boys,
Thy Tongue, like the Builders of Babel,
Confuses the Ear with it's Noise.
Remember thy deary Vigure,
When out of the Well thou wast brought;
Thy Mother and I toil'd with Vigour
To save thee — And now thou'rt worth
nought.*

Ah! thou'rt an untoward Boy as e'er was born. Marcy vorgive me for begetting thee. *[Exit O. Hob.]*

Hob. Marry come up, what's here to do, I trow?

Count. Here's the Cudgels, an't like you; with your Worship please to have us begin?

Sir. Tho. Ay, ay, by all Means; make hast *Roger,* and bring forth the Hat and Favour.

B

Roger.

Roger. Here 'tis an't please you.

Sir. Tho. Hang it up there, and he that wins it, let him wear it — The first *Somerzetsbire* Man that breaks a Head, here's Half a Crown for him to drink; and he that breaks that Rogue *Hob's* Head, shall have another.

Hob. Shall he?

A I R XVI. Go vind the Vicar of *Taunton-Dean*.

*Go vind the Vicar of our Town,
And he'll hould ye an Angel o' my Head,
And I'll bet you another and stake it down,
That I break both his and thy Head —
Few bouts will set these Matters right,
For my Cudgel an't prove a good one,
Shau'd make no Distinction 'twixt Yeoman
and Knight,
Sing Heydon, Dooden, Cudden, &c.*

Look ye, he that breaks my Head shall ha' zomewhat to do, I'll tell you that. — Let'n be who he wull, he shall **earn** his Money; ecod I'll rib'n; and look ye to begin, here I'll take up the Cudgel — and now let the best Man here take up the t'other a'n he dare — If he be a *Zomerzetsbire* Man, let'n be a *Zamerzetsbire* Man — I fight for *Gloucestersbire*, I don't care who knows it.

Sir. Tho. At him, at him there, what is there no body dare venture upon him? Neighbour *Puzzlepate*, take up t'other Cudgel.

Puz. Not I, an't please you, I have enough of 'en already, he broke my Head but last Week.

Sir. Tho. Roger — Sirrah, do you take up t'other Cudgel, and thrash him, d'ye hear, and thrash him soundly, Sirrah.

Rog. I can't promise that, *Zir*; I'll do my best, I'll break his Head if I con, in Love; and if he breaks mine, much Good may do him.

Friend. So if *Hob* does but get the better of the Combat, the Testy Knight will certainly be provok'd to come down, and then we shall have Sport — *Dick*, help to encourage him.

Serv. Well said *Hob*! O brave *Hob*! now for *Gloucestersbire Hob*!

Hob. I warrant ye, Maister, let me alone.

Friend.

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Friend. Here *Hob*, there's an Angel for thee, and if thou break'st his Head, I'll give thee another.

Hob. Don't ye veer, Maister, ecod I'll 'noint 'en.

Rog. Do if thou const — I dan't fear thee, *Hob*.

Hob. S'bled, I'll drefs thy jacket, I'll dowse thy *Zo-querzet/bire* Coat for thee.

Rog. Will you?

A I R XVII. In Taunton Dean.

Sings. In Taunton Dean I was born and bred,
And 'tis known I don't value a broken Head;
Nor, shau'd I fear *Hob*, were he stout in his
Wrath,
As Hercules, or Goulding of Bath,
Fal, lal, &c.

Come on.

Serv. O brave *Hob*!

All. O brave *Roger*! — Huzza.

[*Hob* breaks his Head, takes down the Hat and Favour, puts it on, and struts about.

Hob. Ecod I have don't, I have don't, cfaith.

A I R XVIII. Now comes on the glorious Year.

Sings. Now brave Boys, the Fight is done,
And I the Prize have fairly won;
For I knew I cou'd beat'n four to one,
And that he'll sore remember.
Fal, lal, &c.

Sir Tho. Foul, foul, foul.

Hob. Fair, fair, fair,

Sir Tho. You lye you Dog, 'twas foul.

All. Huzza.

Friend. Stand upon your Guard, *Hob*, the Knight's coming down.

Hob. Is he? Let'n come and Welcome, here I'll stand;
I'll take no other than St. George's Guard. If he lets drive at me, voregad, I'll hit'n o'er the Seonce; and he were a Knight of Gold.

Sir Tho. Where are these Bumkins? Now, who says 'tis fair? I say 'tis foul.

Hob. I say 'tis fair.

[*Sir Thomas* endeavouring to come at *Hob*, is held by the Country People.

FLORA; *An OPERA.*

A I R XIX. Come sound up your Trumpets.

Hob. sings. Pray let'n come, Neighbours, for I be'nt afraid:
Do'st think I'll be fear'd like a Child at a Rod?
I'll keep my Ground bravely, and St. George's
Guard ———

Take Care then Zur Tomas, I'll noint ye,
Ecod. With a Fal, la!, &c.

[*They let him go, Hob breaks his Head; he draws his Sword. Hob and Countrymen run away, Sir Thomas pursues.*]

Friend. to Flo. Now, now, dear Creature, if ever you wou'd redeem your self or me from eternal Bondage, be kind, and fly into the Arms of Liberty.

Flo. What wou'd you have me do?

A I R XX. Come open the Door, sweet Betty.

Friend. sings. O fly from this Place, dear Flora,
Thy Tylor has left thee free,
And before the first Blush of Aurora,
You'll find a kind Guardian in me.

Flora sings. Fain wou'd I exchange for the better
(Confinement can have no Charms)

Friend. sings. Think, which of your Prisons is sweeter,
This, or a young Lover's Arms.

Madam, your Uncle has left the Garden-Door open; there's no Mortal now to oppose your Flight ——— Scout ——— Scout you Dog, and see that the Enemy don't rally upon us.

Serv. Ay, ay, Sir.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Flo. Ah, but consider, if my Uncle shou'd surprize me.

Bet. Consider, the Door's open, Madam.

Friend. Nothing but Delay can ruin us.

Flo. O dear, I'm in a thousand Frights!

Bet. This is downright provoking! Sir, since you see there's no Hopes of my Lady, if you can settle the least Tip of your Heart upon her humble Servant, I'll be over the Wall in a Twinkling.

Flo. Hold, hold, rather than you shou'd break your Neck, I will venture ——— Well, here I am, I tremble every Joint of me; now whither will you carry me?

[*They come down.*]

Friend.

FLORA; An OPERA.

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Friend. To a Doctor, that shall cure thee of all Fears
for ever — To the Parson, the Parson, my dear Angel.

Flo. O Lurd! but if he should not be at home now!

Bet. What should we do for something to be afraid of?

A I R *XX. Ranting roaring Billy.

*Thus Maidens bety their Desires,
Yet languish for what they refuse;
And tho' their Breasts glow with Love's Fires,
Seem cold to the Joys they wou'd chuse.
The Tongue and the Heart are two Factions
We scarce reconcile 'till made Brides;
Like Statesmen, our Speeches and Actions
Have commonly contrary Sides.*

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Thomas.

Sir Tho. There, you rustick Rogues, you hard-headed
Dogs, I think I've at last met with your Sculls —
I believe I have notch'd some of your Noddles for you,
— Hey-day! the Garden-door open, and my Niece
gone! — my Mind misgives me consumedly — Niece! *Bet-*
ty! Thieves! Robbery! Murder! Lost! not to be found!

Enter Friendly's Servant.

Serv. So, here he is, and I must bam him 'till the Bu-
siness is over.

Sir Tho. Thieves! Thieves!

Serv. Pray, Sir, what's the Matter?

Sir Tho. Oons, Sir, let me go, or I'll run my Sword
into your Guts.

Serv. Sir, I'm afraid your Brain's something out of
Order, and therefore 'twill be but a friendly Part in me
to 'ake Care of you.

Sir Tho. Blood and Thunder! you Dog get out of my
Way, or I'll —

Serv. Nay, then — [*Presenting a Pistol.*

A I R XXI. Stand, who comes there.

Sings. *Stand; have a Care.*

Stand; have a Care.

One Step to move,

Will fatal prove,

For I know who you are.

Come, Sir, make your Thrust —

Sir

Sir Tho. What the Devil are you, Sir?

Serv. A Philosopher, and this small Pop is my Argument.

Sir Tho. Oons, Sir, I believe you're a Highway-man, and your Pop there, is your Livelihood

Serv. Sir, you may be as scurrilous as you please, provided you don't pass this Way.

Sir Tho. S'Death, Sir, what Business have you to hinder me?

Serv. Sir, I have no Business at present, but to hinder you.

Sir Tho. But pray, Sir, how comes it to be your Business?

Serv. Because, Sir, 'tis my Business to do my Master's Business; and I have some modest Reason to believe, that he and the Parson are now doing your Niece's Business.

Sir Tho. The Devil! Murder! where are they, Villain?

Serv. Pray, Sir, compose yourself, for they are here.

Enter Friendly, Flora and Betty.

Friend. Your Blessing, Sir?

Serv. Does not that shew a sweet Temper in him now, to ask it of you, that are but his bare Uncle?

Sir Tho. I am struck all of a Heap and Dumb.

Serv. Come, Sir, don't be as obstinate as an old covetous Father at the End of a Comedy; consider the main Action's over, you had as good be reconcil'd.

Sir Tho. Oons, Sir, I can't be reconcil'd. [*Exit Sir Tho.*]

Serv. Go thy Ways, like a cross-grain'd old Fool.

Friend. Let him persist in his Obstinacy, it can be no Bar to our Happiness.—You look melancholy, my Love.

Flora. I think I've Reason——You promis'd to carry me to a Doctor that shou'd cure me of my Fears. But, on the contrary, I find that the Malady encreases, and in nothing more than the Dread of your Inconstancy. I have for ever lost my Uncle's Favour, and have now no Friend but you —— Shou'd you hereafter estrange your Heart from me, I am wretched indeed —— Reflect on what I've said, excuse my Suspicions, and remember, there is no Return of Seasons in Love.

A I R

A I R XXII. 'Twas on a Sun-shine Summer's Day.

Flora sings. Sweet is the budding Spring of Love —
Next, blooming Hopes, all Fears remove;
And when possess'd of Beauty's Charms,
Fruition like the Summer warms.

But Pleasures, oft repeated, cloy,
To Autumn wanes the fleeting Joy,
Declining till Desires are lost —
Succeded by eternal Frost. Succeded, &c.

Friend. Banish those Fears, be assur'd they are ground-
less — *Dick* — *Serv.* Sir.

Friend. Run, and call our Country Neighbours back
again to their Diversions, in which they were interrupted
by Sir Thomas; tell them they shall be merry with me to-
Day, to make them amends for being frightened. [*Exit Dick.*
'Twas a happy Interruption; for it gave us an Opportunity
to be for ever fix'd in Love — Look merry, my Dear.

Flo. My Concern vanishes, now I've disclos'd my Fears,
and Cheerfulness will soon resume its Throne.

Friend. You shall never have Cause to mention those
Fears again —

Flo. It is easy to talk thus now, but the Difficulty
will be to speak these Sentiments, with Truth, a Year
hence: However, as I have run all Hazards for you,
Honour will oblige you to conceal your Inconstancy from
me — shou'd you be guilty of it.

A I R XXIII. Red House. Duetto.

Flora sings. Let me not discover,
In thee a faithful Lover,

Friend. I'll never prove a Rover,
But true as a Turtle to thee, my Dear.

Flora. Love prompts me to believe thee,
Do not then deceive me.

Friend. My Conduct ne'er shall grieve thee,
Let this suffice; my Heart's sincere.

Flora. Let our Lives be spent —

Friend. In Merriment;

Flora. With the sweet Cement —

Friend. Of soft Content.

Flora. May our Joys augment —

Friend. May no dire Event,

Both, Disturb our Pleasure.

Enter

Enter Dick, Hob, and Country-Folks.

Hob. Is *Zir Tomas* gone?

Friend. Ay, *Hob*, come in, what art afraid of?

Hob. S'Bled, I was woundily fraid of's *Zword*; had he kept to *Stick*, I'd thrash'd 'en to *Mummy*.

Friend. I'm sorry *Neighbours*, *Sir Thomas's* passionate *Folly* disturb'd your *Sports* one *Way*, I'll endeavour to make you all *Satisfaction*; this is my *Wedding-Day*, and consequently a *Day of Jubilee*.

Country-Folks. We wish you Joy *Maister Friendly* and *Mistress* —

Hob. I wish ye Joy too. But when I was zopp'd i'th' Well, I little thought I shou'd live to tell you zo.

Friend. *Hob*, thou shalt laugh at thy *Danger* — now 'tis over. — Come we'll have a *Song* and a *Dance*, and haste to my *Dwelling*, and finish the *Day* with *Mirth* and hearty *Cheer*: The *Night* I'll dedicate to *Love* and *Thee*.

A I R XXIV.

Friendly sings.

Success this Day has gain'd me Possession

Of what I love much dearer than Life;

The coming Night shall give me Fruition

Of all I can wish in a lovely Wife.

To enjoy the Sweets the Country affords,

Who wou'd not forego the servile Flatt'ry of Courts;

To Hunt, Fish, and Fowl, and taste the full Bowl?

There's nothing so healthful as rural Sports.

C H O R U S.

Now from Envy free

— *All Friends* loyally

Supplicate with me

— *Our guardian Divinity,*

To bless the King and Queen, and Royal Progeny,

Send us Peace, Trades encrease, Health and Prosperity.

May Cupid's Darts strike sure — But be the Cause of the Cure;

In virtuous Deeds delight — Happily all unite

In Friendship and Love.

[A *Dance*, and *Exeunt*.



F I N I S.

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